

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—James Freeman Clarke.

VOL. XII.

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No. 11

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

COMMUNITIES ABOVE.

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HYMN FOR EASTER DAY.

Lo, the day of days is here!
Brightest Sabbath of the year!
Sing we hymns of gladdest cheer,
Praising thee, our Father!
Not of earth, the light, alone;
Not of man, the music's tone;
Angels sing around thy throne,
Praising thee, our Father!

In that blessed light abide
Saints, with Jesus glorified;
And the friends we thought had died,
Praising thee, our Father!
Christ and all dear souls above,
Who in realms immortal move,
Bless with us thy boundless love,
Praising thee, our Father!

So let all our voices ring,
And the flowers their beauty bring,
To adorn our worshipping,—
Praising thee, our Father!
And forever we confess
Thy great love and holiness,
And thy fadeless glory bless,
Praising thee, our Father!

—Brooke Herford.

"The whole family in heaven and earth."—
Eph. iii. 15.

"In my father's house are many mansions:
if it were not so, I would have told you. I go
to prepare a place for you. And, if I go to
prepare a place for you, I will come again to
receive you unto myself; that where I am, there
ye may be also."—JOHN xiv. 2, 3.

This text is one small opening through which we see into the other world. Looking through this, we see homes in the next life, societies, souls drawn together by old loves or new sympathies. We see there surroundings and adaptations fitted to meet the different conditions of those who enter. And this is so natural, and so like what we should expect, that Jesus adds, "If it were not so, I would have told you." This remark of Jesus gives us yet another hint by which we may infer something in regard to our condition hereafter. If there be any view of the hereafter which is reasonable, and according to God's methods with us here, we may accept it as probable unless Jesus denies it. His silence, in such a case, gives assent. He does not always tell us what we may infer from the analogy of God's laws here; but, if these analogies might mislead us, he would tell us so.

Christians have conceived of heaven as one vast place, filled with millions of saints and angels, all worshipping God and surrounding his throne, with Christ on his right hand. But this saying of Jesus suggests a different idea. It teaches us to conceive of innumerable homes, centres of attraction, which draw to themselves those who naturally belong to them. The twofold attraction is of truth and of love. Those come together who share the same convictions, hopes, aims, and those who are bound together by the same memories and loves. These homes are centres of peace and growth, where souls rest from labor and trial, and yet grow by all activities into higher ascents of being.

The little child who comes into this world comes into a place which has been prepared for him. A mother's arms receive him: a father's care protects him. As he becomes conscious of his new life, he finds himself an object of love to many others: When he goes up into the world close by, and his tender feet pass beyond the veil, will he not be welcomed by as many loving hearts there as when he came to us? I suppose they need little children there to make their homes complete, and they receive ours with open arms and tender love.

So there are families in heaven as well as on earth. The family on earth is the unit of civilization, the germ-cell of social development. This endures amid all change, develops with all progress. The home relations begin with the beginning of humanity, and grow purer and nobler as mankind advances upward and onward.

Jesus, amid the torture of the cross, committed his mother to the care of John, showing that the family tie was dear to him. But he also made his disciples a part of his family when he said, "Behold my mother, and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my mother and brother and sister."

This is the household of faith. This is the brotherhood of those who are in sympathy with truth and goodness, who devote themselves to what is right, who try to make the world better and to become better themselves. This is a new tie, another relationship. It constitutes what Paul calls "the family in heaven and earth." It connects in one bond time and eternity. It lifts us into communion with those who are now in other worlds, who lived here for generous ends. This tie brings heaven nearer to earth, and lifts earth nearer to heaven. Whenever a good man, a pure woman, a lovely child, passes through life into eternity, we feel that the heavens are opened. They make us more sure of our own immortality. Their life is hid with Christ in God, and our love and reverence for such souls is a tie which binds us also to heaven. We cannot believe that God will let them die; that he has caused all the sweetness, loveliness, nobleness, to be unfolded by the long processes of time, by the slow evolution of centuries, only to come at last to a sudden end.

Our faith in immortality is therefore essentially faith in God. When Jesus said, "In my Father's house are many mansions," in

the words "my Father" he gave the truest and best reason for faith in a future life. If God is really our Father, we are safe in his hands, and all whom we love are safe. If we, "being evil," being so imperfect, yet care so tenderly for our children, how much more does their heavenly Father care for them! Whatever lovely and pure quality has drawn our hearts to them was something which he himself created, which he himself gave. And what he gives he gives forever. This is a conviction from which we cannot escape. A perfect creator does not create in order to destroy. He cannot trifle with his creatures. Whatever comes from his hands has in it something of his own eternity and his persistency. The outward form changes; but the inward spirit, the divine life, remains.

"What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent."

Oh! if God indeed be God, if this world, with all its infinite wonder and beauty, its laws within laws, its secrets which are waiting for each age to discover, be not a wild storm of drifting chances, then all things have a meaning and a purpose, and are bound fast by a divine wisdom to an eternal good. If the Lord reign,—if no blind chance, no iron fate, reign,—then an infinite wisdom governs, a perfect goodness rules in all things. Then all things are working together for good. Then whatever seems saddest and darkest now is but a part of a shaded way which leads through darkness to light. This has been the faith of the great souls of all time. It gave Jesus the strength to meet the cross, it supported Paul amid a thousand trials, it has given patience to those on whom life lays its heaviest burdens. Tens of thousands of unknown martyrs have sweetly borne all earthly trial, saying, "What my Father does is good." The heroes who have won victories for conscience and freedom have been made strong to face opposition by their faith that God is on the side of truth and justice, and that therefore their triumph is secure.

God's essence is love, and love cannot give up that which it loves. If God loves his creatures, he cannot cast them away. We can trust ourselves, we can trust all we love, to him. We need no other argument for immortal life but the presence and power of God in the soul. And Jesus awakens this conviction, and increases this faith in the divine presence and love. Therefore,

he says, "Believe in God, believe also in me."

In our best hours we believe firmly in immortality. We walk then by faith in things unseen and eternal. We fully trust the eternal goodness. We fully believe that evil is transient, and good is permanent. We walk surrounded by the love of angels and the spirits of the just made perfect, of the dear and loved ones gone before.

When Jesus said, "I am the resurrection and the life; he who believeth in me shall never die," he transferred our faith in immortality to this solid foundation. It is as though he said: "The power which God gives to me to rouse all the higher forces in your soul, lifts you above death. He who has my faith, who believes as I believe, does not die." There ceases to be to him any such thing as death. Death is only a moment in our progress. We pass through it, and know nothing of it. Do not look forward to a future resurrection. The real resurrection is here and now,—an ascent into the life of the soul, the eternal life which abides in us all, and which is our real immortality.

This faith took away fear from the minds of the disciples. They said that Jesus had "abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light." He had made one family of all his followers and friends. They did not then ask, as we now often ask, "Shall we know our friends again in the other world?" Since they were to be together, and to be with their Master, why should they not know each other?

"There are three things," says the apostle, "which resist decay, change, and death." These are faith, hope, and love. Faith,—trust in the infinite goodness,—this is the permanent support which holds us up amid all grief and loss. Hope, that all are journeying to a higher good; that progress is the law of the universe. And love, the love of human hearts, which binds them to each other and to God. This is not given for time and earth only. Pure love, generous friendship, is as unchanging and as permanent as God himself. The love of parent and child, brother and sister, husband and wife, friend and fellow-worker,—this is a permanent chain which binds us to each other in time and eternity. The love which continues in our hearts for those who have left us long years ago is itself the assurance that we belong to each other still. They are ours, and we are theirs, no matter where

they are, into what they may have grown up: they are our angels, our blessed friends and helpers. The Catholic Church has expressed this by making the love of Jesus for his mother continue when he is sitting on the right hand of the throne of God. This earthly mother must be with him there, and share his glory and joy. This is only a broader application of his prayer. "Father I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, may be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me, . . . that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them."

"Here let me pause, my quest forego;
Enough for me to feel and know
That He, in whom the cause and end,
The past and future, meet and blend,—
Who, girt with his immensities,
Our vast and star-hung system sees,—
Moves not alone the heavenly choirs,
But waves the spring-time's grassy spires,—
Guards not archangel feet alone,
But deigns to guide and keep my own;
Speaks not alone the words of fate
Which worlds destroy and worlds create,
But whispers in my spirit's ear
A language none beside can hear.
To him, from wanderings long and wild,
I come, an over-wearied child,
In cool and shade his peace to find,
Like dew-fall settling on my mind,
Assured that all I know is best,
And humbly trusting for the rest.
I turn from books and creeds apart
To the still witness in my heart,
With reverence waiting to behold
The Eternal Beauty, new and old."

THE STILL HOUR.

IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE ARE MANY MANSIONS.

Do saints keep holy day in heavenly places?
Does the old joy shine new in angel faces?
Are hymns still sung the night when Christ
was born?
And anthems on the resurrection morn?

Because our little year of earth is run,
Do they make record there, beyond the sun?
And in their homes of light so far away
Mark with us the sweet coming of this day?

What is their Easter? for they have no graves;
No shadow there the holy sunrise craves,
Deep in the heart of noontide marvellous
Whose breaking glory reaches down to us.

How did the Lord keep Easter? With his
own!
Back to meet Mary, where she grieved alone:
With face and mien all tenderly the same,
Unto the very sepulchre he came.

Ah! the dear message that he gave her then,
Said for the sake of all bruised hearts of men:
"Go tell those friends who have believed on
me
I go before them into Galilee,—

"Into the life so poor and hard and plain,
That for a while they must take up again,
My presence passes. Where their feet toil
slow,
Mine, shining swift with love, still foremost
go.

"Say, Mary, I will meet them: by the way
To walk a little with them; where they stay
To bring my peace. Watch! for ye do not
know
The day, the hour, when I may find you so."

And I do think, as he came back to her,
The "many mansions" may be all astir
With tender steps that hasten on their way,
Seeking their own upon this Easter day.

Parting the veil that hideth them about,
I think they do come softly wistful, out
From homes of heaven that only *seem* so far,
And walk in gardens where the new tombs
are.

—A. D. T. Whitney.

The essential fact of the resurrection, therefore, according to Christ and Paul, is not the rising from the grave or a visible, bodily return to life, but the ascent of the spirit into the spiritual realm. The essential fact in the resurrection of Jesus was this: that he was not dead; that he did not die; that death had no dominion over him; that he had gone up into a higher world, and yet was able to come to his friends below, to teach them, to influence them, and be with them always to the end of the age. The questions of *how* he rose, with what body he came, in what way he showed himself,—these were all secondary and unessential. It was enough that the disciples saw him, knew him to be alive, knew that he was not defeated, that he was coming as the Messiah to establish his kingdom. This was the all-important conviction which gave new life to their souls.

If we, then, be risen with Christ, let us seek those things that are above. Our sense of immortal life will deepen as we devote ourselves to all things generous, humane, true, and good. This is the true way to keep Easter,—to rise out of all that is poor, mean, cowardly, into courage and faith. Let us give ourselves, souls and bodies, to God, and be sure that all things will work for good to those who love him.—James Freeman Clarke.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.]

BEFORE WRITING TO ASK FOR BOOKS, DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS.

1. If you see a book offered in the Book Club which you desire to read, write directly to the address of the person who offers it. If she receives more than one request, the addresses of those to whom she cannot respond may be sent to the Book Club, and the request printed there.

2. If you have a book or paper to give or lend, write directly to the Book Club as above, and offer it with your address.

3. In sending a book, enclose, when possible, a P.O. card for response, already addressed.

4. In thanking the person who has sent you a book, always mention the name of the book. Say, "I have received 'Black Beauty,'" or whatever the book may be; not, "I have received *that book*." This saves a busy person a good deal of time. Otherwise she must consult her list constantly to find out what book has been received safely.

N.B.—Do not send books to the Book Club. Send only the *offer* to the club. To send the *book* involves packing it *twice* and paying postage *twice*, where once would suffice.

Those who offer books frequently receive notes, saying, "Shall I return you this book, or keep it, or pass it on?" Unless otherwise stated, all books offered in this department are *given*, and the postage paid.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it: else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

Please write only on one side of the paper in sending lists or letters to the secretary.

OFFERS.

Will any one who would like to receive "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.?

The following books are offered by the Women's Alliance, Second Church, Salem. Address Miss Decker, 4 Mt. Vernon Street, Salem, Mass.

"Mosses from an Old Manse," N. Hawthorne; "Saracinesca," F. Marion Crawford; "The Master of Ballantrae," R. L. Stevenson; "Song Book"; "French Fables" (French); "The Science of Osteopathy"; "Delicious Desserts"; "Vesper Services"; "Hymn and Tune Book"; "Hymns for the Church of Christ"; "Psalms and Hymns"; Art Amateur; Harper's Bazar, 1903; *Le Français*, French periodical; music, vocal and instrumental.

Mrs. William F. Heald, Pepperell, Mass., offers *World's Work* for 1903.

The Springfield Branch offers the following books. Address Miss Clara D. Hoar, Crescent Hill, Springfield, Mass.

"Familiar Trees and their Leaves"; "Selections from Idylls of the King"; "Selections from Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, and Byron"; "A New England Girlhood," Lucy Larcom; "Window in Thrums," Barrie; "The Lady and the Tiger," Rudder Grangers Abroad," Stockton; "Thrown upon her own Resources; or, What Girls can do"; "Brinton Eliot; or, from Yale to Yorktown"; "The Great Match and other Matches"; "A Few Friends and how They Amused Themselves"; "Little Susy's Little Servants"; "Little Susy's Six Teachers"; "Primer of Greek Literature"; "History Primer" (France); "First French Reader"; "School Cookery Book"; Monroe's "Chart Primer"; "Elements of Plane Trigonometry."

The following books are offered by the Young People's Society of the Newtonville New Church. Address William Walcott Carter, 148 Highland Avenue, Newtonville, Mass.

Frieze's "Virgil's Æneid"; Goodwin's "Greek Moods and Tenses"; Spencer's "Arnold's First and Second Latin Book"; Harkness's "Latin Grammar," (two copies); "Ginx's Baby"; Prof. B. Stewart's "Physics"; Allen and Greenough's "Latin Grammar"; Rolfe and Dennison's "Junior Latin Book"; Hall and Bergen's "Physics"; Collier's "The New Gradatim Latin Grammar"; Latham's "English Grammar"; Cushman's "Lives of the Apostles"; "Arius the Libyan" (Arius); "Holy Names," by Smyth; "Footprints of the Saviour"; Franklin's "Elementary Arithmetic"; Briggs's "Elements of Analytical Geometry"; Harkness's "New Latin Reader"; Wheeler's "Plane and Spherical Trigonometry"; Swinton's "Language Lessons" (two copies); Pope's "Iliad"; Gillett and Rolfe's "Elementary Philosophy"; Keetel's "Analytical French Reader"; Daniel's "Latin Composition"; Harkness's "Cicero's Orations"; Goodwin's "Greek Grammar"; Wentworth's "Plane Geometry"; Keetel's "Elementary French Reader"; Chouquet's "First Lessons in French"; Wells's "Plane Geometry."

The Jamaica Plain Branch has added thirty books to its Loan Library. Any one wishing to borrow books may write for a Catalogue to Miss M. C. Balch, Prince Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

REQUESTS.

[Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.]

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club Secretary.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. I think seven or eight years have passed since my name appeared in your *Cheerful Letter* columns. Until the last few years I was the recipient of a great deal of reading matter. Most of my *Cheerful Letter* friends seem to have forgotten me. So I am writing to you to please publish a request for me. I would like the following books: "The Red House," "The Intrusions of Peggy," "The Maid at Arms," and "The Adventures of M. d'Haricot." Thanking the friends for favors of the past, with best wishes, Miss Eva Coleman, St. Just, Virginia.

2. Will you send me the book, "Uncle Remus"? I will be very glad of any reading. I go to the Methodist Church in South Boston. Hallie B. Crowder, South Boston, Virginia.

3. It has been a long time since I have written to the *Cheerful Letter*, but I do enjoy it and the letters from my correspondents. We are having a siege of measles in the neighborhood. School is closed because so many have it. My four children are just recovering from it. I am very glad they have had it. We have started a little library here in our little village, where we have no public library. So far we have only about fifty books. We will increase it as we can. I hoped some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends would send us a few books, especially for the young people, as they are the ones we are most anxious to benefit. Such books as Miss Alcott's, Sophie May's, Margaret Sidney's, Pansy's, and Kate D. Wiggin's,

especially "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." We also have a magazine exchange. We anticipate much pleasure and profit from this small beginning, and will be glad of any help. Any books or magazines sent to my address will be placed in the library. For a year or two now our town has been flooded with the cheap, flashy novels that can benefit no one. We are trying to counteract this influence. Address Mrs. Senie Murphey, Box 77, Chesterhill, Morgan County, Ohio.

4. Willie M. Harper, Sharp, Missouri, asks for an agricultural paper, Tennyson's "Poems," and "Dorcas, the Indian Boy."

5. Mrs. J. Porter, Doerun, Georgia, will be glad of any books suitable for a Sunday-school library.

6. *Ladies' Home Journal* is asked for by Mrs. C. B. Brown, Vera, Indian Territory.

7. I wish to thank each of you who have sent me reading matter. I have a good supply of good reading on hand, and have been passing on a good deal to my neighbors. They appreciate and enjoy it. We are "snow bound," the trails are flooded, and we are shut out from the rest of the world. This is the eighteenth of February, and I have not seen a woman since Christmas. We had a most delightful Christmas, and, if it were not for so much snow, we should enjoy life in Washington. The mountains are grand in their white robes when the sun shines on them. The mail has reached us quite regularly, until the past few weeks. The snow is so deep that no one can go to the post-office fourteen miles away. We wait longingly for spring when the snow will disappear, and the beautiful flowers will cover the hillsides, and the long summer days will compensate for the dreariness of winter. We are looking forward to having a school soon, which is cause for gratitude. Then our little girl can go on with her studies which were interrupted when we came here a year and a half ago. Life on a ranch, amid the snows of Washington, far from neighbors, town, post-office, no church or school, is not a paradise for women alone in the world. With many thanks for past kindness. Mrs. A. C. Earl, Leahy, Washington.

8. Mrs. Rachael McAfferty, Chehalia, Washington, will be glad of any magazines or papers. Her husband, who was a soldier in the Civil War, is feeble.

9. I will be very grateful for any good literature, such as magazines, papers, or books. I am especially anxious to read "Audrey," by Miss Johnston, and "The Leopard's Spots." I would be also very glad if some one will send me current numbers of a fashion magazine. I live in a town where there is no public library and all the people are strangers. There are none that I can borrow reading from, and I am too poor to buy. I will gladly pass on to others. Mrs. B. P. Knight, Buena Vista, Virginia.

10. Any teacher who has gone out of the work, having maps on hand of no service and wishing to give them to one who could use them and appreciate them, will do me an inestimable favor by passing them to me. No Cheerful Letter friend realizes the amount of *sunshine* I get from their offerings. Mattie E. Sale, Brier Creek, Wilkes County, North Carolina.

11. I have been one of your members for two years and have derived much pleasure from the literature received, but for some time I have not had any reading matter. I am teaching an ungraded country school in the mountainous part of Virginia, far away from my home, and I cannot express to you what a comfort reading is to me. I should be very glad of some magazines, *Lippincott's*, *Munsey's*, also copies of *Delineator*, beginning from February, 1904. I should also be very glad of Shakspeare's works, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," or Tennyson's "Poems." I will gladly lend to others. Will some one send me the *Cheerful Letter*? I have only received one number. (Miss) Nora P. Wingfield, Roseland, Nelson County, Virginia.

12. Arthur G. Edwards, Placerville, California, will be glad of *St. Nicholas*, dating any time since 1898, also "Pride and Prejudice" for his mother.

13. I have not had any reading for several months except the *Every Other Sunday*. It has been coming for nearly six years, through the kindness of Miss Carleton, of Andover. I give these papers to the children: it is pretty and nice reading. Mrs. William Reishaw, of Germantown, Pennsylvania, sends me a roll of reading every three or four months. She also sent two Bibles and two Testaments, to be given to poor persons. I gave them away last October. I still get the dear little paper, *Cheerful Letter*. I en-

joy the beautiful sermons and select pieces, poetry, and letters from dear ones ever so much. I would so much like to have "Sabbath reading" and any good magazine or history book. I would like a book for a girl of eleven years. I have been ill for several months, and not able to go to church or anywhere. Am almost an invalid, am taking medicine now, and hope, if it is God's will, I may improve in health. I sincerely thank you and all the sisters of the exchange for the past kindness to me and others here. Mrs. Mary E. Stovall, Glade Springs, Virginia.

14. Mrs. N. E. Russell, Peachland, North Carolina, will be glad of reading for herself and daughter, nine years of age.

15. Dear "Cheerful" friends,—I want to thank every one of you for your kindness in sending me reading this winter, most especially Mrs. Staples, Miss Bartlett, and Miss Clarke, and some have not sent their names with the packages. To these I send thanks through the dear little *Cheerful Letter*. I have only read a few numbers of it. Would be so glad if some one would send it to me after reading it. There are so many of us that like to read that we are glad of everything. Only one of the boys is able to work regularly, but we all hope to be strong by spring. I do not want to appear greedy, but would certainly like to read "The Virginians" by Thackeray, and "David Harum." Wishing all a Happy New Year, I am most gratefully yours, Gertrude E. Pedigo, Vinton, Virginia.

16. I have known and liked the *Cheerful Letter* several years through my sister, Jessie L. Pirie, of Parita, Texas, and now as we, my husband, little baby, and myself, have lately moved here, where I know no one, we feel the need of books more than ever. I shall be very grateful for any good books or magazines. Mrs. S. M. Hogan, Chandrant, Louisiana.

17. I should be very glad to receive a guitar instructor, also something by Walter Scott or Thackeray. Miss Matty Shelton, Stella, Virginia.

18. I would be so glad to receive reading, and want to thank all the dear friends that have remembered me in the past. I have not received anything but the *Cheerful Letter* for some time, and would like to have *Mun-*

sey's magazines or any standard works. Also reading for children, ages from two years to seventeen. We pass the reading matter on to others, and try to do all the good we can. Mrs. Virginia E. Hardigue, Winder, Georgia.

We are sorry to hear of the death of Miss Mary Morton, of Bullock, North Carolina. Miss Morton died January 24, but the editor has received this information only March 9, as the April number goes to the press.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

REPEATING CHILDREN'S SPEECHES

"I wanted Anna to pick up her playthings the other day; and she said, 'No, me don't,' as big as anybody. I insisted until she assumed a wonderfully aggrieved air and began, 'Mamma-don't-love-her-little-angel-baby-no-more-'tall.' Then I had to laugh and was vanquished, of course."

But, if the mother could have had a peep into the future, perhaps she would have checked that laugh and defeated defeat.

She made a great mistake there, and a greater one in repeating the incident in baby's presence.

The diplomatic speech didn't seem so cute to me when I noted the mother's appreciation reflected in baby's face and a conscious twinkle in baby's eyes.

It didn't need a prophetic eye to foresee results of such training.

The repeating of children's speeches is a very common error, and disastrous alike to the pert, forward child or the retiring, sensitive one.

The boldness of the first is aggravated, until he becomes an intolerable nuisance, when his smartness is encouraged, repeated, and magnified.

I have heard a small child say, with the most self-conscious air, "Tell Mrs. Blank what I said about" this or that. He couldn't just remember; but he knew that it was something to be laughed at, something smart. And the pert infant courts notoriety.

On the other hand, a sensitive child can hardly suffer keener pain than to be subjected to ridicule, either real or imaginary. A laugh stings like a blow, and many times we wield the blow quite thoughtlessly.

Not long ago I repeated to my children's teacher a declaration of love which little

six-year-old made for her; but I felt conscience-stricken when the little face flushed so painfully.

She shrank from her teacher's caress, hid her head, and burst into tears. Nor would she be consoled by assurances that it was right to love her teacher.

"But what made you tell her, mamma? I didn't want her to know I said so," she would say long afterward, with mingled grief, shame, and indignation.

And did I blame her? Not a bit. Perhaps one would who could not sympathize from experience; but memory runs back for more than thirty years, and brings to my mind just such mortifying incidents.

When I was four years old, I became the proud possessor of my first doll,—only a rag doll, to be sure, but just as precious in my eyes as if its ownership had represented dollars instead of loving labor. I loved it with all the depth of a baby heart, and testified my affection in this wise: "I love you, dolly. My blessed, precious baby doll! I'll never let you go in all the world; and, when I die, I'll put you in my coffin and take you to heaven with me."

Mother heard, and laughed.

Shall I ever forget the mortification of that moment?

I can shut my eyes to-day and see a little round-faced, rosy-cheeked child standing beside the bed in an old-fashioned bed-sink, fondling her newly acquired treasure.

I can see—almost feel—the rosy cheeks grow rosier with mother's laugh, until only the brown curls limit the burning blushes. The brown eyes lose their love-light, and fill with big, hot tears, as dolly is hurriedly thrust beneath the pillow.

Surely mother never realized the pain inflicted, or she could not have repeated the childish prattle to a fun-loving neighbor, who, ever and anon, would picture my "woolly-headed, big-eyed baby" in cherubic garb, with "wings a-sprouting."

I still loved my doll, but only in the utmost secrecy did I dare to open my heart to my one companion.

Some people seem to think that children have no feelings, but I know better. I have known them to resort to absolute falsehood to escape ridicule.

A child is its very own self—or should be—at home with its mother, and a wise parent will think twice before repeating in its presence word or deed to embolden the presuming child or mortify the timid one.—*Selected.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

LEARNING THE BIRDS.

"Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?"

I cannot say that I have; but I have named two or three if, as I suppose, "naming" here means learning to know the names of those I see. I labor under a double disadvantage. I am so near-sighted that I cannot see a bird unless he kindly condescends to hop very near to me, which few but the robins or the English sparrows are willing to do. Then I have but a feeble ear for music, so that it is with great difficulty that I can distinguish or remember the notes.

I will describe to you my efforts to learn the red-eyed vireo, about which I found such varied descriptions in the books.

In "The Birds of New England and the Adjacent States," Samuels says of him: "I feel that no description of mine can begin to do justice to the genial, happy, industrious disposition of this one of our most common and perhaps best beloved birds. Everywhere in these States, at all hours of the day, from early morning until evening twilight, his sweet, half plaintive, half meditative carol is heard. Whenever we see him, we notice that he is busily searching in the trees for caterpillars and noxious larvæ, or pursuing winged insects that have taken flight from the trees. While thus engaged, he utters at short intervals his warbling song. This consists sometimes of a few syllables like '*wee cheweo turrulit cheweo*,' given in a singularly sweet tone."

The next author which I take up exclaims in this fashion,

"I'm tired of the red-eyed vireo,
Calling from morning to night

In the tone of asserting a right:

'There, now, look at me! See here! Don't you see me?'"

Wilson Flagg, in "Birds and Seasons of New England," calls him the preacher vireo, and speaks of him in this wise: "The tones of the preacher are loud and sharp, modulated somewhat like those of the robin, though not so continuous. We might suppose him to be repeating, moderately, with a pause between each sentence, 'You see it? You know it? Do you hear me? Do you believe it?' All these strains are delivered with a rising inflection at the close, and a pause, as if waiting for an answer. The prolongation of his singing season, until sometimes the last week in August, renders

him a valuable songster. When nearly all other birds have become silent, the little preacher still continues his earnest harangue, and is sure of an audience at this late period, when he has but few rivals."

I listened and looked for this bird for two seasons, but all in vain; and the third opened with no better success, till, one morning at the end of May, I became conscious that a very familiar note belonged neither to the robin, oriole, nor song sparrow; the bird was talking in broken, disconnected syllables, without much emphasis or animation. I hastened to call a friend, who had with me been seeking the acquaintance of the vireo.

"Why, isn't that a robin?" said she. "I always supposed that to be a robin."

"It is not clear and strong enough for a robin," I argued. And we both hurried into the avenue each armed with an opera glass. Up and down we searched, twisting and straining our necks as we peered up into the trees; but finally, moment of triumph, we caught sight of the bird, and found it to be no robin! And, as well as we could see among the tree shadows, it answered to the description of the red-eyed vireo.

Since that time we have heard the bird constantly, and are forced to the humiliating conclusion that we had heard him every year, but had carelessly chosen to attribute his song to the robin, who probably would not have considered himself flattered by the mistake.—*Cora H. Clarke.*

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.*

(Continued from March number.)

The rejection of Mr. Sadler was a terrible blow to the operatives, and a meeting of delegates from the Lancashire and Yorkshire committees was at once held, to consider what steps should be taken. At that meeting Rev. G. S. Bull, one of the leaders in the movement, was instructed to proceed to London to express their views and to confer with the friends of the movement there.

The result cannot be better told than in the words of the letter Mr. Bull addressed to the various Short-time Committees and others.

Rev. G. S. Bull to Short-time Committees.

LONDON, February 6, 1833.

Dear Sir,—I have to inform you that, in furtherance of the object of the delegates' meeting, I have succeeded, under Mr. Sad-

*Lord Shaftesbury's title was Lord Ashley until the death of his father.

ler's sanction, in prevailing upon Lord Ashley to move his (Mr. Sadler's) bill.

Lord Ashley gave notice yesterday afternoon, at half-past two, of a motion on the 5th of March for leave to renew the bill brought in by Mr. Sadler last session, to regulate the labour of children in the mills and factories of the United Kingdom, with such amendments and additions as appear necessary from the evidence given before the Select Committee of this House.

This notice, I am very happy to say (for I was present), was received with hearty and unusual cheers from all parts of a House of more than three hundred. No other notice was so cheered; and more than forty, some of them very popular, were given at the same time.

I am informed that Lord Ashley received many unexpected assurances of support immediately after his notice, and has had more since.

Pray call your committee together, directly, and read this to them. As to Lord Ashley, he is noble, benevolent, and resolute in mind, as he is manly in person. I have been favoured with several interviews, and all of the most satisfactory kind. On one occasion his lordship said: "I have only zeal and good intentions to bring to this work. I can have no merit in it: that must all belong to Mr. Sadler. It seems no one else will undertake it, so I will; and without cant or hypocrisy, which I hate, I assure you I dare not refuse the request you have so earnestly pressed. I believe it is my duty to God and to the poor, and I trust he will support me. Talk of trouble! What do we come to Parliament for?"

In a letter he writes, "To me it appeared an affair less of policy than of religion, and I determined, therefore, at all hazards to myself, to do what I could in furtherance of the views of that virtuous and amiable man" (meaning Mr. Sadler).

I have just left his lordship, and find him more determined than ever. He says it is your cause. If you support him, he will never flinch.

Yours most faithfully,

G. S. BULL.

The resolution arrived at by Lord Ashley and announced in the hastily written but graphic letter of Mr. Bull was not reached without a struggle. He now stood at the parting of the ways. On the one hand lay ease, influence, promotion, and troops of friends; on the other an unpopular cause, unceasing labor amidst every kind of opposition, perpetual worry and anxiety, estrangement of friends, annihilation of leisure, and a life among the poor. It was between these he had to choose. Had he been ambitious of political distinction, there can be no doubt that, with his abilities, his popu-

larity, and his great oratorical powers, he would have commanded a prominent position in his party. Already he had held an appointment in the government under the Duke of Wellington, whose confidence he enjoyed, and had shown such tact and ability, combined with so thorough a knowledge of the matters he had to deal with,—relating principally to India,—that he had made his mark.

The alternative before him was to voluntarily cut himself off from these prospects, to associate himself with the most unpopular question of the day, to become the victim of a virulent opposition from all parties, and even from many able and enlightened men who were in thorough sympathy with every movement which they believed to be for the improvement of the working classes, but who looked upon the restriction of the hours of labor as an unjustifiable interference with the relations between employer and employed.

But Lord Ashley was not a man to allow considerations of the baser sort to weigh heavily with him. Already he had won the confidence of the poor and the oppressed. Already he had passed through the strait gate of his path in life, and had entered the narrow way. He would not look back now. He remembered that day at Harrow, when he had vowed that he would fight against the monstrous cruelty that allowed the weak and unfriended to suffer and be trampled upon simply because they were poor. But that vow had been made when he was a mere boy. Now he had a wife and a child, a home and a position. To espouse the factory cause was to give up home comfort and domestic leisure, to relinquish the scientific and literary pursuits which had for him such an intense fascination. Was it right for him so to disturb the natural course of his life and to abandon the prospects it opened up? He laid the matter before his wife, painted in dark colors all the sacrifice it meant, weighed the burden it would place on her young shoulders, and waited for the verdict.

"It is your duty," she said, "and the consequences we must leave. Go forward and to victory!"

(To be continued.)

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

October 25, 1833.

My Dear James,—I shall not write much this time, because I wrote so much by Mr. Bacon. You must have been satiated with

the ideas of this region. Margaret has been staying in town, and I have seen her a good deal. We began, as usual, by expressing our certainty that we should never get along together; and, that being conceded, we did get along most swimmingly. She showed me the preface to her "*Tasso*," which Mrs. Farrar is going to offer to Mr. Folsom to publish, and make as if it came from England. This is an excellent plan, only that any one who has ever heard Margaret talk and who reads the preface will recognize her in an allusion to the "meditative few and the tasteful many." No one else could have so expressed it. That is not the only place, either, where she betrays herself. She, however, maintains that no one will observe it.

E., you know, is going with mother to Augusta. They go next Tuesday, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Crocker, and Margaret is going to New York with them, if her father will let her, which she much doubts; but E. has a presentiment that he will be propitious. Margaret expects much enjoyment if she goes. B. has just come in, to tell me that Margaret *is* going; and she will stay there two or three days. Mr. and Mrs. Barlow, too, are going on. Mr. Barlow is to preach at Brooklyn, N.Y., this winter. Mother is quite polite to our friend, having apparently forgotten her prejudice; and H. has as good as taken back all *she* said, by making a party for her. Margaret went to Newton, one day, with E., B., and the doctor; and she was kindly received and politely treated by Dr. and Mrs. F. So you see the clouds of prejudice are fast rolling away, and all goes well at present.

Greenough's beautiful "*Medora*" is here. It is said to be his first entirely original work, and it is most beautiful. Happily, he lets his genius flow in the romantic channel, and a noble stream it will be, if we can predict from seeing the beginning of its course. This dead *Medora* is full of expression, with all the classic perfection of form and nothing to remind you of the antique,—entirely modern and entirely beautiful.

The "*Tam O'Shanter*" you ought to have seen. These four figures are full of life, and have their due, comic effect on all beholders. No one goes away disappointed, not even the most ignorant; and even those who are most astonished at the neatly finished stockings and seams in the coats pay involuntary tribute to the power of expression.

Mother has just been to Mrs. Lewis's, and there she met Mr. Emerson; and he seemed

very glad to see *your* mother, and said you lent him a book which was a delightful companion in his wanderings. He wished he could see you again; and Mrs. Lewis afterward said that he told her that he must not lose sight of you, since he had received so much pleasure from his short intercourse with you.

Brattle Street has been vibrating for the last three weeks between Chandler Robbins and William Channing. They had resolved to ask Robbins; but on Sunday William C. preached again, to such effect that, when the meeting assembled on Monday, the vote was not unanimous for C. R. Now they have concluded to want R. at Mr. Emerson's church, and Brattle Street is again much disappointed. It is too amusing. Last Sunday Margaret and I went all day to Brattle Street to hear W. C., and, coming out of church, we heard the people talking to this effect: "Well, he does very well, but is not quite so devotional as some others; but he is young, and we cannot expect much in so young a man." "Then, too, we must look to the future as well as the present; and who knows which of these two young men will preach best ten years hence?"

So these over-prudent people have already missed having the one they prefer, and, I doubt not, will miss of the one who is far better than they deserve.

Clinton meditates a flight westward. He has just come from seeing what he considers the most beautiful sight in the world; *viz.*, the "Grand Turk" winding away among the islands *without* him on board.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

Answers to Puzzles in March Number.

I. Riddle.—Lime.

II. Rhyming Blanks.—Fair, rare, care, stair, swear, bear, tear, wear, spare, dare, hair, bare, pair, flare, glare, where, mare, air, there, fare, stare, pear, blare, bear, hare, square.

III. Historical enigma.—Ptolemy Philadelphus.

MONTHLY REPORT.

The regular monthly meeting was held at 25 Beacon Street on Friday, March 4. Because of Miss Clarke's enforced absence, Miss Langmaid occupied the chair and called the meeting to order at 10.35 A.M.

The reports of the treasurer and assistant secretary were read and approved.

Miss Brown sent a written report, stating that five new travelling libraries were sent during the month of February. She has now only eight applications for libraries unfilled.

There was an attendance of thirty-seven members. Twenty-two committees were represented, and four sent reports by mail.

Each representative gave an account of the work of her committee, stating the number of books and magazines sent and the letters sent and received.

An interesting letter was read from a correspondent in Texas.

The meeting adjourned at 11.55 A.M.

FRANCES B. FISHER,
Assistant Secretary.

HOW TO APPROACH STRANGE DOGS.

In approaching strange dogs, it is best to notice the eyes. The highest authority we are acquainted with states that, when a dog is angry or excited, the pupil is always dilated, and that with ordinary animals this sign may be implicitly depended on, and that by waiting till the pupil is again contracted they may be approached with safety. Some breeds, however, such as the bull-terrier and St. Bernard, are of very uncertain temper, and will sometimes snap without any warning. With all such it is well to be cautious; but, when approaches become necessary, coolness without presumption is the best policy. If you are afraid, do not appear to be so if you can help it, and the probability is that the brute will submit. But it is best never to approach a large, strange dog till you know his disposition: we have known sad results from want of caution in this respect. Savage dogs are the exception. The rule is affection the most unbounded, devotion the most absolute, fidelity the most inviolable, obedience the most perfect; and all this, if you will, you may have in your dog.—*Cassell's Household Guide.*

If you prepare a dish of food carelessly, you do not expect Providence to make it palatable. Neither, if through years of folly you misguide your own life, need you expect divine interference to bring round everything at last for the best.—*Ruskin.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,—good citizens of the country,—for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

TRAVELLING LIBRARIES.

The Travelling Libraries have now become an important part of Cheerful Letter work. In order that this department may be thoroughly organized and systematized, Miss Louise Brown, Box 91, South Framingham, Mass., has kindly consented to take it in charge. Will those interested in these libraries, and desiring information, kindly address Miss Brown as above?

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

He who refuses what is just, grants everything to his opponent when armed.—*Lucan.*

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Miss Langmaid.

Miss Frances B. Fisher, our Assistant Secretary, is to be absent in Europe for several months. Will members and others kindly notice this, and send requests for correspondents to Miss M. A. Macomber, Framingham, Mass., until further notice?

The address of Mrs. Cora A. Hoskinson is changed from Nottawa, Michigan, to Three Rivers, Michigan.

DIRECTIONS.

EDITOR,—Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Bertha Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY,—Miss Frances B. Fisher, 491 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. Charles T. Catlin, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks should be made payable to Mary Louise Catlin.

Subscriptions and renewals should be sent to the treasurer, also all changes of address and requests for discontinuance. The subscription is fifty cents a year. If subscribers do not receive the paper regularly, they are requested to notify Mrs. Catlin at once.

Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Mrs. Catlin, as above. Please give full name and address. Also send name of minister as reference. Some of our members take the paper in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.